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# Imaginary // Real



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## Chapter 1 by Saranda

They say that the imagination can be a dark and scary place. Or at least that's what my therapist has been telling me since the day I turned five. And since a professional, PhD certified doctor said so, then, it must be true; right? I mean, I have been going through sixteen entire years of my life believing that this pale, raven haired boy named Alexander is my best friend and that I've grew up with him always at my side. Yet, for some odd reason, nobody else could ever see him; only me.

I'm not crazy. Alex has always looked and felt real to me. Every time I looked over at him, he's looked real. Every time I touched or hugged him, he's felt real. I'm not crazy.

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